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# A Coffee Kind of Love



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## Chapter 1 by Rachel

I am standing in line with my nose stuffed in a well worn copy of *Will Grayson, Will Grayson* by David Levithan and John Green at the local coffee shop when he comes up behind me. I don't notice him at first. Why should I? He's just another customer. Despite us being strangers, he notices the book I have in my hands and seems to feel the urge to talk to me about it.

"David Levithan, huh?" he says, causing me to look up at him. The way his green eyes light up with curiosity as he talks. The way the light catches his blond hair just right. It's perfection. A handsome devil. I've always hated those kinds of guys.

I shrug nonchalantly. "Yeah," I reply. "What about him?"

"Are you ready to order?" the acne-covered, teenage cashier at the counter asks, pulling us out of our conversation. And really I'm glad for it. I don't want to have to talk to him because then he might figure me out.

Looking up at the menu, I tell the cashier that I'll just get a drip. Then I leave the guy to order his drink. As I wait for my drink to come out, I continue reading when he comes over.

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I blush and I hide my face with my book. I hate how easy it is to get me to blush. I try to cover it all up by acting cool but it never works. They always see right through me. So he's cute. I can't lose my cool around him. And anyways, he'd never, in the whole wide world, be gay.

Yes, you heard me right. I'm a guy who likes other guys. My name's Nathan. It's an average name. Nothing special. I thought nothing of myself until I met him. He turns my whole world around and I'm not even sure why. It all started that day in the coffee shop. I guess you could say it was a coffee kind of love.

## Chapter 2 by Sword Lillies



Despite me showing my fake-disinterest, he takes a seat across of me, invading my table with his elbows and his being. He beams at me, even though I don't know what it is that peaks his interest in me. I secretly check on my reflection on the window, thinking that there might be something on my face and this might be him and his friends pulling a prank on me, but there is nothing there. There's nothing wrong with my face, and apparently, there is no bunch of jerks that wait for him to embarrass me.

"I'm Greg," he says, grinning and stretching his hand out for me to shake.

I ignore his hand. I ignore him. I raise my book higher, trying to hide my crimson face.

His fingers curl as he realizes that I'm not shaking his hand. His smile doesn't falter, I can feel it on my skin. It radiates. It's annoying because it's blinding.

"What's your name? Or should I call you Will?" he asks, trying to be funny.

I roll my eyes because he is being silly. I am tempted to answer him, but I decide otherwise. A handsome devil like him only brings troubles. I don't like troubles.

"Nathan? Drip for Nathan?" the barista shouts my name and order and I get up to take it. When I'm back to the table, Greg is grinning even wider than before. His face is triumphant, and I am

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"Nathan," he says my name again.

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I glare at him. I was about to accuse him of being a stalker, but then I remember that the barista called me by my name. By my real name. Of course, he heard it. Of course.

"Greg?" the barista shouts again. It's his name this time.

He gets up from his seat. I see him as he takes his order and walks towards the exit. I feel disappointed, and then I feel grossed out at myself because I feel disappointed. When I'm done cursing myself internally, something catches my eyes.

I look out the window and there he is, waving his hand energetically at me. I furrow my brows disapprovingly and he laughs. Then, he mouths, "See you around!"

It sounds like a promise, and I feel my cheeks heating up like crazy.

## Chapter 3 by Dean Domino



I remain firmly planted in my seat until I know Greg isn't coming back. With my backpack I slip into the bathroom, take the third stall, and lock the door. The cover for Will Grayson, Will Grayson easily slides off. Underneath it is a nondescript leather bound tome.

Calculations march up and down the margins. I look over them again, forgetting about my earlier embarrassment. Today was the day, and this was the place. Starting from behind the toilet I measure about half a foot to the left. I take out a hammer and chisel.

The wall tiling comes off easily, revealing a cramped passageway. Without hesitation I get on my hands and knees and begin to crawl. The passage never grows dark, instead the walls around me glow a dim green. After a few minutes the passage opens into a cavern.

I squint. The light in here is much brighter. I run my hand along the cavern wall, striding across the cavern. My fingers are coated in a warm slime. I try to look at my hand. It contorts and blurs as I watch.

~~At first I panic. Then, I feel something in the room with me. Not with me, but around me. It is me.~~

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with ridicule. The presence around me, while great, needs a form. It tells me that Greg would do nicely. I agree with it. While I love him, it is a bitter love. Almost a coffee kind of love.

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